

This week we give you a neatly printed paper on our NEW PRESS AND WITH NEW TYPE. Now show your appreciation by giving us 3,000 subscribers.

## THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

## HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Caucasian and the Opinion of Others which we Can Endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

In speaking of Davidson College conferring the degree of D. D. on two eminent North Carolinians, Rev. W. S. Lacy, of Norfolk Va., and Rev. J. Y. Fair, of Richmond, Va., the State Chronicle rightly says:

"It is too often true of us that we do not honor our learned men until strangers have honored them. We wait for strangers to place a high estimate upon them before we accord them the position their talents merit."

Several of the North Carolina papers are discussing the tariff. That is right. The people need instruction on that line. We suppose in the last fifteen years we have written hundreds of articles bearing on this form of taxation and its oppressions and abuses. If you want to make an impression be in earnest and give line upon line, here a little and there a good deal, and then keep on giving. Every few days the year round we stick our editorial awl in the monster known as a protective tariff. The "infant industry" dodge died about the time that Clay expired in 1852, we think it was.

The above appeared in last issue and should have been credited to the Wilmington Messenger.

Gov. Fowle is moving about among the people more than any Governor we have had since the war. He has attended several of the college commencements this month, goes to the celebrations of various kinds, has just returned from a trip to the eastern part of the State, made for the purpose of investigating the depredations upon the oyster grounds incidentally talked with the people with regard to the management of the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad, in which the State owns a controlling interest, and is now at the Teachers' Assembly. His policy of traveling around and conferring with the people is to be commended. If he would visit the various State institutions also and learn personally of their management and needs, he would find himself interested and enlightened.—Statesville Landmark.

If the high prices of sugar interrupt our housekeepers in their annual duties and pleasures of preserving fruits, of which there is such abundance this year, modern ingenuity has put in their reach the less costly, more expeditious, less laborious, and perhaps more satisfactory method of canning, giving them back in the winter as a reward for their pains and thrift, the fruits and vegetables nearly as fresh and savory as when first gathered. This practice makes pleasantly and usefully available vast quantities of what otherwise goes to waste; and is, withal, so cheap and certain in its modes and results that it is not surprising that it is not more general. But, after all, domestic canning is only a suggestion to the canning establishments, which, in a country like this, every city and town should have as indispensable. Such would stop to a large extent the drain of money for the purchase of these things abroad. The stock of no family grocery is complete without its canned goods. Home energies could supply the fruits and vegetables. Then we give business to our tinners in making the cans, we give a market to the country around for the disposal of perishable produce; and there is no reason why a surplus cannot find a demand abroad quite as active as that which rewarded other providers of canned goods. Such business might be profitably applicable to all parts of North Carolina. It is one that grows with use; it is still growing; the demand within the past ten years has increased a thousand fold.—Asheville Citizen.

## THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

VOL. VII.

CLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1889.

No. 38.

A Paper-Cutter, a Pasting Machine and New Job Type have been added to our Job Office, and we can now do work to suit even the most fastidious. Call in and see samples of the work we have done in the last few days.

Advertising rates made known on application.

## TRINITY AND DAVIDSON.

Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, LL. D., President of Charleston College Thinks They Ought to Moved.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 24, 1889.—I cordially concur in the opinions expressed by Mr. Smith, of Johns-Hopkins University, and others in regard to the wisdom and expediency of locating our colleges and universities in centres of wealth and population. The day of rustic colleges has perhaps forever gone by and in the light of contemporary experience we stand aglance at the unwisdom of our ancestors who strove assiduously to bury their seats of learning in the depths of primeval forests. Nearly all the moulding educational forces of modern and ancient eras, have had their origin and inspiration in cities. The germs of all literary and aesthetic culture were developed in Athens—transmitted through Rome, Paris and London—all great concentrations of material, as well as intellectual power. The irresistible tendency of organized science and literature has always been in the direction of towns and cities. It is in them that the "enthusiasm of humanity" has had its freest exercise, and that the achievements which have made our complex civilization possible have been performed. To descend to more familiar examples drawn from our own experience. The special charm of Harvard is its proximity to Boston with its rich facilities for every form of mental cultivation that it furnishes. The Johns Hopkins University owes its almost phenomenal success, in a great measure, to its situation in the principal city in the South and its convenient access to Washington, now becoming the scientific centre of our country. The fortune of Randolph Macon College has been made by transplanting it from a wilderness to a point in the vicinity of Richmond. Some of our most deserving collegiate institutions in North Carolina, it seems to me, are rendered incapable of extension or wide development on account of the unfortunate character of their situation. I may venture to speak with some freedom of Davidson, as it is under the control of my own church.

No one can doubt that the academic standard at Davidson is high, that the teaching is thorough and excellent and that many of its graduates have earned honorable recognition in special lines of study pursued in some of our most renowned universities. Yet the gloomy and forbidding surroundings of Davidson have deterred many a promising student from entering its halls. The same criticism possibly applies to Trinity with equal force, though I am not able to speak from personal knowledge or personal observation. In the selection of Collegiate sites our forefathers appear to have ignored the social nature of young men and have forgotten that the training and culture of that nature is one of the essential phases of rational education.

When we remember the complete isolation of students in a country college from the liberalizing and expanding influences of town and city life the only marvel is that they do not relapse into partial savagery. In some instances they are almost absolutely cut off from social refinement by the isolated nature of their situation. Chapel Hill is, so far as I am aware, more fortunate than any other institution in the State in this regard, and has always been the centre of a cultured and charming society. If my recollection of Davidson College is trustworthy in consisted of the collegiate buildings, a grocery store and the postoffice, planted in the heart of a forest, at least twenty miles removed from any considerable town or city. Upon general principals and in the light of educational history, I am inclined heartily to concur in the proposition to remove Davidson College to Raleigh. I am not familiar with the peculiar local difficulties that may exist, but the proposed removal considered from the standpoint of experience—past and present—would, I think, tend essentially to enlarge their usefulness, and to liberalize them in the best and truest sense of the word.—H. E. Shepherd in State Chronicle.

A little boy of four was sleeping with his brother, when his mother said: "Why, Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed! What will poor Harry do?" "Well, ma," he replied, "Harry's got both sides."

## CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THE C. F. & Y. V. R. R. VALUATION—AN OLD MAN COMMITS SUICIDE.

Other Interesting News.

[REG. COF. CAUCASIAN.]  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,  
July 1st, 1889.

The Board of Assessors to value the property of the C. F. & Y. V. Railway Company for taxation met in this city last Thursday. Capt. A. B. Williams, chairman of the Board of County Commissioners of Cumberland, was ex-officio President of the Board, and Henry L. Cook, Esq., of Cumberland, was elected Secretary. The Board fixed the value of the road bed, track, right of way and property on the right of way, &c., &c., at \$674,490.88, and the rolling stock, &c., at \$120,875.00, making a total of \$795,365.88. The total number of miles of track is 249.08. The \$795,365.88, was divided up between the twelve counties according to the number of miles in each county. Under the appointment Cumberland gets \$109,929.50, for taxation, which is the largest with the exception of Guilford county. Outside of this the road has about \$7,000 worth of property which could not be included in the above and is not on the right of way, but is given in to the list taker as other property. In addition to the above the value of the franchise of the road was fixed by the Governor, Auditor and Treasurer, at \$86,810.49. Next year Sampson, Pender and New Hanover counties will be included.

Henry Underwood, a negro, who left this county a year or two ago, is charged with murder in Florida, and Mr. E. B. Malley, the special agent of that State, has been here for a week or more after him, as he is supposed to be lurking about his old home. Gov. Fowle last week issued a requisition for Underwood, upon the application of the Governor of Florida.

The young folks have formed an Archery Club and practice on the lawn at Eccle's Park. They make a pretty sight.

Last Wednesday at the residence of Mr. D. A. McMillan, Mr. R. A. Morrow, of Waxhaw, N. C., and Mrs. Cero W. Bloom, were married, the Rev. Joseph Wheeler officiating. The bridal pair left immediately for the home of the groom.

The industrial issue of the Observer says, after a careful estimate, that \$3,625.00, is paid to operatives in the various industrial establishments in this city every week. This is a handsome showing.

The industrial issue of the Fayetteville Observer made its appearance last week. It is a 32 page edition, containing notes of various buildings and streets, the history of the city and her enterprises and enterprising business men. It is a magnificent feat of journalism. No such paper was ever issued here before, and the editor says it is the largest paper ever issued in the State by one man. The able Whitehead deserves warm congratulations.

The Young Men's Christian Association, of this city, has secured the services of Mr. G. G. Harley as General Secretary of the Association. He arrived last Tuesday from his home in Columbia, S. C., and after meeting the association on Tuesday night left for Springfield, Mass., to attend the Secretariat Institute for one month, after which he will enter upon the active duties of his work here. He made a fine impression by his pleasing address and earnest consecration to the cause of Christ. He is just 25 years old. The Association has about 175 members, and the rooms are handsomely furnished.

St. John's Episcopal Church is being remodeled and added to. Three memorial windows will be put in by friends in memory of departed ones. Just over the altar will be a full length figure of St. John in memory of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Atkinson, whose grandson is Rector of the church. After the improvements are completed a surpliced choir will furnish music. The congregation will hold services in the Opera House.

We hear that Col. F. Gardner, Civil Engineer of the Atlantic Coast Line, will soon be here with his corps of engineers. It is hoped that this means the completion of the "Short Cut" railroad.

Rev. T. P. Barclay was installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church last Thursday night.

Rev. P. R. Law, of Lumberton, delivered the sermon, and Rev. Joseph Evans delivered the charge to the pastor. The services were very interesting.

John Perry, an old white man, committed suicide at his home on the Lumberton road, three miles south, last Tuesday. He was lying alone, his wife having left him a short time since. It is supposed that the infidelity of his wife caused him to take the laudanum which killed him.

Cotton is selling here at 11 cents. Compare the price with that of the leading seaports.

A dog belonging to Miss Grace Barker went mad last week and was shot by a servant at the hotel before any damage was done.

A large number of box and flat cars are being built at the shops of the C. F. & Y. V. railroad company in this city. In the different departments of these shops nearly one hundred and fifty men are at work. It is a busy place and the class of work done is equal to that done anywhere.

Thursday night, July 4th, Judge James C. McRae will deliver a centennial address in the Tabernacle. He will be followed by other prominent speakers; and a pleasant and instructive occasion is anticipated.

The Centennial Committee has purchased the Tabernacle for use during the celebration.

Mr. Munston V. Pris, a representative of the largest firm of the kind in the world, has notified the committee that he will be here about August 1st to arrange for the pyrotechnic display next November.

night. Rev. P. R. Law, of Lumberton, delivered the sermon, and Rev. Joseph Evans delivered the charge to the pastor. The services were very interesting.

John Perry, an old white man, committed suicide at his home on the Lumberton road, three miles south, last Tuesday. He was lying alone, his wife having left him a short time since. It is supposed that the infidelity of his wife caused him to take the laudanum which killed him.

Cotton is selling here at 11 cents. Compare the price with that of the leading seaports.

A dog belonging to Miss Grace Barker went mad last week and was shot by a servant at the hotel before any damage was done.

A large number of box and flat cars are being built at the shops of the C. F. & Y. V. railroad company in this city. In the different departments of these shops nearly one hundred and fifty men are at work. It is a busy place and the class of work done is equal to that done anywhere.

Thursday night, July 4th, Judge James C. McRae will deliver a centennial address in the Tabernacle. He will be followed by other prominent speakers; and a pleasant and instructive occasion is anticipated.

The Centennial Committee has purchased the Tabernacle for use during the celebration.

Mr. Munston V. Pris, a representative of the largest firm of the kind in the world, has notified the committee that he will be here about August 1st to arrange for the pyrotechnic display next November.

Rev. P. R. Law, of Lumberton, delivered the sermon, and Rev. Joseph Evans delivered the charge to the pastor. The services were very interesting.

John Perry, an old white man, committed suicide at his home on the Lumberton road, three miles south, last Tuesday. He was lying alone, his wife having left him a short time since. It is supposed that the infidelity of his wife caused him to take the laudanum which killed him.

Cotton is selling here at 11 cents. Compare the price with that of the leading seaports.

A dog belonging to Miss Grace Barker went mad last week and was shot by a servant at the hotel before any damage was done.

A large number of box and flat cars are being built at the shops of the C. F. & Y. V. railroad company in this city. In the different departments of these shops nearly one hundred and fifty men are at work. It is a busy place and the class of work done is equal to that done anywhere.

Thursday night, July 4th, Judge James C. McRae will deliver a centennial address in the Tabernacle. He will be followed by other prominent speakers; and a pleasant and instructive occasion is anticipated.

The Centennial Committee has purchased the Tabernacle for use during the celebration.

Mr. Munston V. Pris, a representative of the largest firm of the kind in the world, has notified the committee that he will be here about August 1st to arrange for the pyrotechnic display next November.

Rev. P. R. Law, of Lumberton, delivered the sermon, and Rev. Joseph Evans delivered the charge to the pastor. The services were very interesting.

John Perry, an old white man, committed suicide at his home on the Lumberton road, three miles south, last Tuesday. He was lying alone, his wife having left him a short time since. It is supposed that the infidelity of his wife caused him to take the laudanum which killed him.

Cotton is selling here at 11 cents. Compare the price with that of the leading seaports.

A dog belonging to Miss Grace Barker went mad last week and was shot by a servant at the hotel before any damage was done.

A large number of box and flat cars are being built at the shops of the C. F. & Y. V. railroad company in this city. In the different departments of these shops nearly one hundred and fifty men are at work. It is a busy place and the class of work done is equal to that done anywhere.

Thursday night, July 4th, Judge James C. McRae will deliver a centennial address in the Tabernacle. He will be followed by other prominent speakers; and a pleasant and instructive occasion is anticipated.

The Centennial Committee has purchased the Tabernacle for use during the celebration.

Mr. Munston V. Pris, a representative of the largest firm of the kind in the world, has notified the committee that he will be here about August 1st to arrange for the pyrotechnic display next November.

Rev. P. R. Law, of Lumberton, delivered the sermon, and Rev. Joseph Evans delivered the charge to the pastor. The services were very interesting.

John Perry, an old white man, committed suicide at his home on the Lumberton road, three miles south, last Tuesday. He was lying alone, his wife having left him a short time since. It is supposed that the infidelity of his wife caused him to take the laudanum which killed him.

Cotton is selling here at 11 cents. Compare the price with that of the leading seaports.

A dog belonging to Miss Grace Barker went mad last week and was shot by a servant at the hotel before any damage was done.

A large number of box and flat cars are being built at the shops of the C. F. & Y. V. railroad company in this city. In the different departments of these shops nearly one hundred and fifty men are at work. It is a busy place and the class of work done is equal to that done anywhere.

## UNREQUITED LOVE.

## SHE LOVED NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.

The family mansion of the Christies of Oakdale was a grand old building, its tall gables, and narrow windows draped with ivy; and the fluted columns of the wide porches, garnished with trailing roses, whose rich red hearts glowed like drops of blood in the summer sunshine. Within one of the large lower led rooms, all softened lights, and dusky shadows, a man sat in a deep cushioned chair, his elbows resting on the marble top of a table before him, and his handsome face buried in his hands.

"Must it all go—all my father's lands, and my beloved home!" groaned Ashburton Christie, as he lifted his haggard face, and gazed out at the fair domain with troubled eyes; for Ashburton had a Christie's love for his birth-place, and the Christie home-love was a by-word in the county.

"All go!" echoed a full sweet voice; and Ashburton turned with a start, to see a young girl leaning against the back of his chair.

"Why Winifred," he exclaimed in a surprised, but not pleased tone, "When did you come here?"

"I have just come," explained Winifred Deane, Ashburton's cousin, as she laid aside her hat, and sat down on the opposite side of the little table. Her dark brown eyes met Ashburton's blue orbs for a moment, and then her rather plain face flushed a lovely crimson. Winifred was no beauty, and she knew it, yet there was a quiet taste and quaintness about her, that attracted many admirers.

For Winifred was rich, and an orphan, and had the means to allow her odd fancies full play. But the one man, who of all the world she desired to please, stood aloof, and scarcely accorded her the courtesy interest their relationship sanctioned.

Ashburton gazed a moment at the downcast blushing face, when it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps Winifred had come with a purpose. So he raised his handsome head a trifle higher, with some indistinct idea floating through his brain that it would not be quite the thing to accept help from a woman he had always held at arm's length.

Winifred seemed growing impatient at the silence. Flocks of color were coming and going in her cheeks, and her lips quivered like a gripped child's.

"Cousin Ashburton, I am sorry for your trouble," she murmured in a low sympathetic voice; "I did not think the old homestead would have to go."

"I'll have to go; as you are now aware, I have little ready money. The old homestead is dearer in my eyes than in the eyes of the world; it will not bring more than twenty thousand dollars, and I endorse for thirty."

"A foolish proceeding," "True; but I thought Winton the soul of honor; I never dreamed of him absconding with his employer's money. I will never trust any man again."

For Rufus Winton, the cashier of a prominent banking firm, had induced Christie to endorse for him under the plea that he was working out some successful financial venture, and after the bubble burst, disappeared with thousands of dollars belonging to his patrons.

"Ashburton! there was a little tremble in Winifred's sweet, full voice, 'I have thirty thousand dollars that you may have the use of, until you are able to repay it—if it—'"

"If what, Winifred?" Ashburton leaned forward, his handsome face losing its haggard look, as he listened eagerly.

"If you will love me just a little, Ashburton," blurted out Winifred, dropping her red face on the table; for to tell the truth Winifred would have given twice as much for a portion of her cousin's love.

Ashburton had a really kind heart and an impulsive nature, and Winifred's magnanimous offer touched him deeply.

"Winifred, I do not deserve this," and going around to Winifred's side, he laid his shapely white hand on her shoulder. Winifred looked up into his face with her heart in her eyes. Surely, if ever a woman loved man, this woman loved me, thought Ashburton, and with a strange pain at his heart, he stooped down and kissed her on the lips.

Two round arms were around his neck in an instant.

"Oh, Ashburton you will take it! I cannot bear to see you in trouble."

"Yes yes," Ashburton hastened to say, slowly and tenderly unclasping the warm plump arms from around his neck, "but I will never be able to repay you kindness."

"I want nothing but your love and loving words, Ashburton," sighed poor Winifred. "You don't know how I have hungered for both."

Ashburton slipped his arm around her waist, and with his face bowed on hers, vowed to love her as he loved no other woman. At the time he may have been sincere, for an hour before his life had looked so desperate that no ray of hope could penetrate the darkness.

Now, the gift of this loving, generous woman had flooded his life with sunshine and the home he loved could be saved.

"But, Winifred, you must not beggar yourself. It may be years before I can return this money."

"I will have the old home, and the rents from my town houses left," smiled Winifred, shyly withdrawing from his encircling arm; "quite sufficient for my simple needs, cousin."

"May God forget me, if I forget you, Winifred Deane," was Ashburton Christie's solemn answer, "for you have been that best of all friends—a friend in need."

And as Ashburton himself drove Winifred back to Hawley hope took a strong hold on the young girl's heart, for she was so blithe, gentle and tender that she imagined that they would one day share her loan together.

And for a few months Winifred enjoyed her fool's paradise. Then, when the sharp edge began to wear off Ashburton's gratitude, the poor girl began to realize her money was more attractive than herself.

Ashburton started back in horror as all the past coldness smote him like a knife. "She is dead!"

"Who is she, Ashburton?" breathed Edith Coulter, clinging to him, "not—not—your cousin Winifred?"

"My cousin Winifred—killed by my ingratitude."

Heart disease was the verdict, but Ashburton knew better; yet he felt as he gazed at the peaceful face, that God's blessed rest had come to Winifred.—Olive Bell in Godey's Lady's Book for July, 1889.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

General Orders Important to Guardsmen.

The Asheville Citizen of the 27th, ult. says:

General Orders No. 4 from Headquarters of the First Brigade, N. C. State Guard, make formal announcement that the encampment will be held at Camp Latimer, commencing Tuesday evening, July 9th, and closing on Thursday, July 18th.

All regiments and companies composing the Brigade, together with all general field and staff, will appear at Camp Latimer in heavy marching order on Tuesday evening, July 9th, and immediately on arrival report to the Adjutant General for duty.

The camp will be under command of Brigadier General W. H. Anthony, and will be formally opened with appropriate ceremonies at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, July 10th.

Each regiment will have its own camp, camp guards and guard lines, but the several camps will be located upon the same ground, in close proximity to each other. During this encampment, the Scotland Neck Mounted Riflemen will be temporarily attached to the Second Regiment, Col. W. C. Jones commanding. The movement of each company or detachment will be directed by general or special orders to be issued hereafter.

Adjutant General Glenn calls special attention to the fact that companies must attend with at least thirty men, rank and file. The Commander-in-Chief expresses the hope that each company will appear with full ranks, and to this end he earnestly requests employers of members of the State Guard to give the necessary leaves of absence, as non-attendance of any company embraced in this order may lead to the disbandment of such company.

William came running into the house the other day and asked, eagerly: "Where does charity begin?" "At home," was replied, "in the words of the proverb." "Not by a good deal," replied the boy; it "begins at C."

He stooped down and took one of the little hands in his. But there was no responsive clasp in Winifred's; for even as the light was dying out of the western sky, so was the light of all

future happiness dying out of her life.

"I will be your friend always," said Winifred, wearily. "I have few pleasant things to look back upon in my life, but I will always be thankful I had the power to help you."

"I will pay you both principle and interest—when—when—"

"When you marry Miss Coulter," she supplemented, as her heart sank like lead, for she knew by the flush on his face why he hesitated.

"Yes, Winifred, Miss Coulter and I are engaged. I told her the whole story, and she is anxious to make your acquaintance. Come—the evening air is growing chilly."

But Winifred drew back. "Not now, Ashburton. Tomorrow will do as well."

She turned her hungry eyes and pale face from him, thinking, with a dull, throbbing pain at her heart, of the kiss he gave her, that bright summer morning. He left her, and like many another woman, who has drunk the bitter cup of unrequited love to the very dregs, she laid her white face down on the boulder and prayed that God would end her misery.

Four hours later, Ashburton Christie and his affianced wife were strolling along the beach, the moon flooding the beach, resting bright upon a bowen figure, half-shrouded with a fleecy white shawl. Ashburton paused with an exclamation of surprise on his lips—

"Winifred! you here yet—and alone?"

He laid his hand on the bowed head. But Winifred never stirred. He hastily raised her face, that the moonlight might fall on it, and Edith Coulter shrank away with a low cry, for Ashburton had set his seal on the closed eyes.

Ashburton started back in horror as all the past coldness smote him like a knife. "She is dead!"

"Who is she, Ashburton?" breathed Edith Coulter, clinging to him, "not—not—your cousin Winifred?"

"My cousin Winifred—killed by my ingratitude."

Heart disease was the verdict, but Ashburton knew better; yet he felt as he gazed at the peaceful face, that God's blessed rest had come to Winifred.—Olive Bell in Godey's Lady's Book for July, 1889.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

General Orders Important to Guardsmen.

The Asheville Citizen of the 27th, ult. says:

General Orders No. 4 from Headquarters of the First Brigade, N. C. State Guard, make formal announcement that the encampment will be held at Camp Latimer, commencing Tuesday evening, July 9th, and closing on Thursday, July 18th.

All regiments and companies composing the Brigade, together with all general field and staff, will appear at Camp Latimer in heavy marching order on Tuesday evening, July 9th, and immediately on arrival report to the Adjutant General for duty.

The camp will be under command of Brigadier General W. H. Anthony, and will be formally opened with appropriate ceremonies at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, July 10th.

Each regiment will have its own camp, camp guards and guard lines, but the several camps will be located upon the same ground, in close proximity to each other. During this encampment, the Scotland Neck Mounted Riflemen will be temporarily attached to the Second Regiment, Col. W. C. Jones commanding. The movement of each company or detachment will be directed by general or special orders to be issued hereafter.

Adjutant General Glenn calls special attention to the fact that companies must attend with at least thirty men, rank and file. The Commander-in-Chief expresses the hope that each company will appear with full ranks, and to this end he earnestly requests employers of members of the State Guard to give the necessary leaves of absence, as non-attendance of any company embraced in this order may lead to the disbandment of such company.

William came running into the house the other day and asked, eagerly: "Where does charity begin?" "At home," was replied, "in the words of the proverb." "Not by a good deal," replied the boy; it "begins at C."

He stooped down and took one of the little hands in his. But there was no responsive clasp in Winifred's; for even as the light was dying out of the western sky, so was the light of all

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## Something Interesting for the Little Folks.

(Prepared for THE CAUCASIAN each week by W. A. Johnson.)

## WHO DOES IT?

Little, gentle breath,  
Coming and going away,  
Who keeps you coming, coming,  
By night as well as by day?

Little, busy heart,  
Beating, beating, away,  
Who keeps you beating, beating,<











